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clockwise from top of page:

NELA DONNA DOLL NINA HARTLEY DONITA DUNES CHENNIN BLANC MIJA JULES





























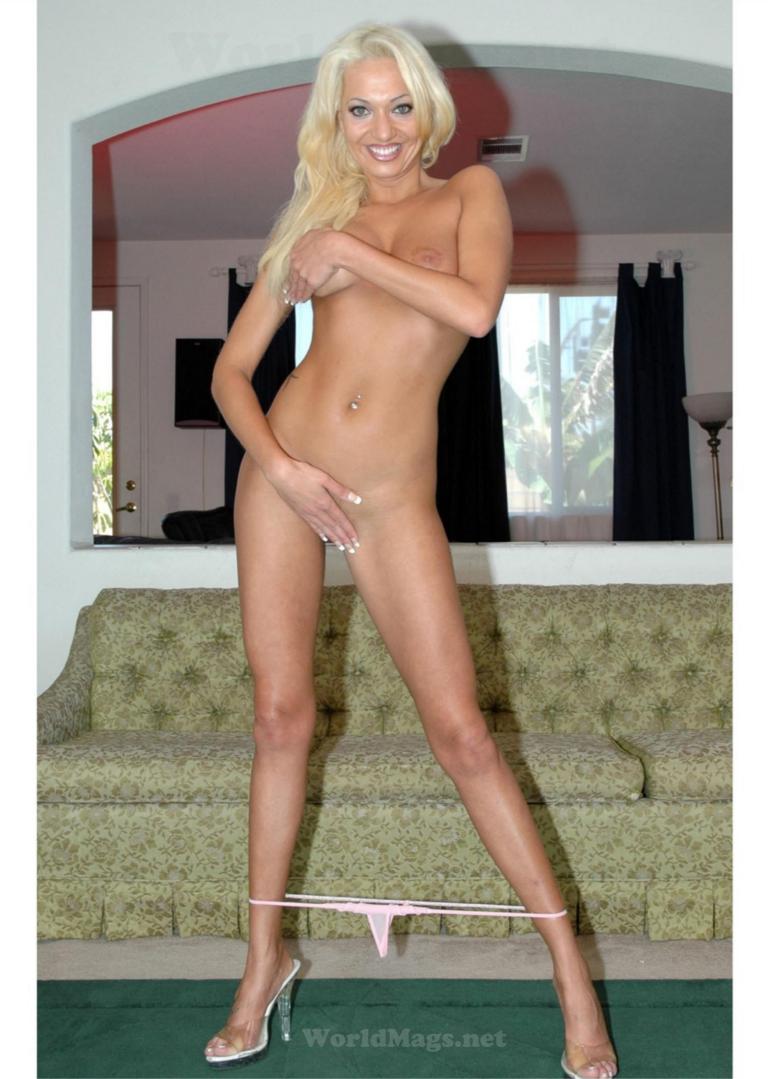




My ex-husband used to have your magazine in our night stand, but I didn't discover it until at least a year into our marriage. When I saw it, I looked through it and decided that I could do that. We took some photos together and submitted them. When you asked us to do a shoot, my ex got cold feet and the matter died.

Donna

But I was still interested and when we split, I contacted you again shortly thereafter did a shoot.























Hello, is that you out there? You all probably know I'm a no-holes barred kind of girl. Not only am I an exhibitionist, but I'm a bit of a thrill-seeker, too. My biggest thrill, however, is to do photo shoots and videos for my fans. Okay, I do it for me, too, but to have you watch me having sex is such a turn on that I cannot fully describe it.

Nina

The taste of a hard cock going in my mouth or the feeling a cock in my pussy. I've loved doing it for you and for me all these years.





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### To the 50+ editor,

My beautiful wife, Francesca, and I have been married for more than twenty-five years. After putting up for a long time with a declining sex life, I took over, and now I control our sexual activity. This started months ago, after a fight about sex. Francesca got tired of my complaining, and finally said, "Okay, fine you be the boss." in her Italianaccented voice. "Honey, whatever you say - goes."

She may have thought I would back down or something, but she was surprised when I took her at her word. And I think she was even more surprised to find that she liked it that way as much as I did. There was one thing that needed to be taken care of immediately. My wife loves to clean the house, so I decided this should be entertaining for me. Now when she cleans, she wears a pair of five-inch heels, a short, short nightie that barely covers her butt, and nothing else.

If I decide to grab her



## Dear Editors,

I'm writing this quick note on my morning commuter train headed into Manhattan. Yesterday after work, I was walking to the Penn Station when I saw this month's issue of 50+ and Winnie caught my eye. Literally. Her eye contact with me was mesmerizing and it's almost like she told me to buy the issue, and I did. Don't misunderstand, I'm not a weirdo that sees pictures talking to him. I'm a middle-aged Wall Streeter who lost his wife to a younger man. Now my sexual solice comes through magazine, videos and the web. And for me right now, there's nothing wrong with that. It's safe, clean, always available and I can cum with no regrets. Can't say that about my ex-wife. So thanks to you, I'm.... Ooops here's my stop. Gotta go...

- Ronald H., Hoboken

boobs or finger fuck her, she stops what she's doing while I have my fun. Just watching her is great but stopping her is better. Given this new understanding, I've done a lot of things I'd only fantasize about. I've watched porn while sitting on the couch as my wife gives me a bj. Francesca never minded blowjobs, but she never liked to swallow before. She does now.

One thing that never turned her on was using a vibrator or dildo. I've had fantasies of seeing her with another guy, and explained to her that the closest thing to that was seeing her with a big dildo in her pussy. We started out small and now we have about six of them, all different sizes. The last one I bought is about 10 inches long and very thick. I love pumping that monster in and out of her and it drives Francesca crazy.

Seeing my wife in our bed with high heels on, making love to a vibrator, always works for me. I also bought her a pair of vibrating panties. She puts



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them on and gives me the control. Just for fun I'll turn them on while she's eating dinner or while we sit and watch TV. I love seeing her get off at my command. One time I turned them on as she was talking to a friend on the phone. She just managed to hang up before she climaxed.

Now we have stopped arguing and my wife is my play toy. I've cum over every part of her body, even on her toes. Whatever I want, it's taken care of – it's up to me. So let me tell you, guys you don't need to go looking for another woman when you have an arrangement like mine! And now Francesca wouldn't have it any other way.

## My dear editor:

Sometimes I feel that we women don't get a much of a voice about our sexual feelings, especially in a forum that men read. So I'm writing to take advantage of that and address your male readersip. I certainly am not someone that would be considered loose, but I always know what I want sexually, and I am not afraid to go get it.

During the week I work hard, but Saturday night

is my release, emotionally, and sometimes physically. To be honest, when I go out, ninety percent of the time I am not look-

I thought these colors complimented my skin.

The vest showed my boobs off to perfection. I

had already had a couple of glasses before leaving my apartment, so even the smell of this third glass was enough to make



ing to pick someone up. I go out to socialize, to drink and to dance. I absolutely love dancing. Of course, sometimes dancing provocatively gets me attention, and I'll maybe come on to a few guys, let their hands wander a little, and sometimes grab a little feel myself.

Tonight, I had arranged to meet my friends at a bar downtown. I was early. It was late summer and the temperature was still warm, so I dressed in a skimpy black vest on top, which was very tight fitting and no bra, a short, tight denim skirt and heeled sandals. I was quite tanned from working outside for the last four months, and

hadn't always had great boobs, but when I was in my late teens they grew, and while they weren't large, they were very pert for my fifty years. I was known among my friends for having bullet-like nipples I had come out bra less, and my nipples were clearly pushing the fabric out. Sometimes, they were a pain in the ass, but on nights like tonight, they got me lots of attention. By the time I had got in, my friends had messaged me saying they were running about a half an hour late. Same old story.

skirt and heeled sandals. Anyway, I decided that I I was quite tanned from might as well make the working outside for the most of it so I got mylast few months, and self a glass of red wine. I

me feel a little tipsy, and very, very horny. Fuck it I thought to myself. Let me see if I can get some action before my friends get here.

After making my way to the dance floor. I started to move around, instinctively looking around for a guy that I found attractive, and that wasn't occupied. I didn't have time to waste. Within a few minutes I spotted a guy, mid-thirties, Mediterranean looking, most probably Italian or Greek I thought. He seemed to have a good body, wearing a tight white T-shirt, jeans and clean shoes. We made eye contact and I smiled. I love dancing with a guy closely, know-

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# STOP STARING

And go get your checkbook! I have six cats, a mortgage, car payments, credit card debt, and a mother that likes to play bingo every Thursday, so I have to pose naked in this magazine just so you can get your rocks off looking at my perky, delicious boobs.

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ing that inside his pants, he is getting gradually harder and harder because of my actions. After too many minutes,

and get his cock nice and hard for me. Compliantly, he did as I asked and pulled his jeans and boxers down around his

him. As I lowered myself onto his lap, I put my hands on his shoulders, looked into his eyes, and sat down on his cock.



I whispered into his ear. 'I want you, now, in the bathroom.' Without letting him answer, I grabbed his hand and started to pull him towards the ladies room. It wasn't monitored by security because there was far more trouble in and around the men's room.

At first, he was a little worried about going in the ladies room, protesting that people would think he was a pervert, but after I asked him if he wanted to fuck me or not, he complied, holding my hand and slipping into the nearest free stall.

Locking the door behind us, I told him to sit down, ankles and sat down. He was only semi-hard, but as he watched me slip out of my thong, and stuff it in my bag, he instinctively started to rub his cock. He was enjoying the little show, so I lifted my skirt, gently rubbing my clit for a few seconds so he could see. His big smile let on that he was enjoying himself.

When I could see that stroking his cock had made him hard enough for me to sit on, I approached him and straddled his lap. By this time, I was dripping wet, and his cock slipped inside me with relative ease. I could feel his muscles twitch as he felt me tighten myself around

Within seconds, the reality of his situation had hit him, I felt him pawing at my vest in an attempt to get at my boobs. My nipples were hard, and I knew if he sucked them, it would get me closer and closer to the edge. I maneuvered myself so that he could lift my vest, but rather than sucking my nipples, he just grabbed my tits and held them like he was riding a bike.

After a few minutes of sliding slowly up and down the shaft of his cock, I could tell by his breathing that he was close to cumming. I needed to get closer myself, so I jammed my body down and changed from my previous gentle motion to a harder, grinding forward and backward motion, making sure my clit was pressing hard against his pelvis.

Although the feeling of his hot cream spurting inside me felt fantastic, it didn't quite push me over the edge. With his cock still in me, I quickly started to rub my clitoris while he watched in a daze. Within a few seconds, I felt the wave of an orgasm start to spread throughout my body. That familiar sense of self satisfaction soon followed.

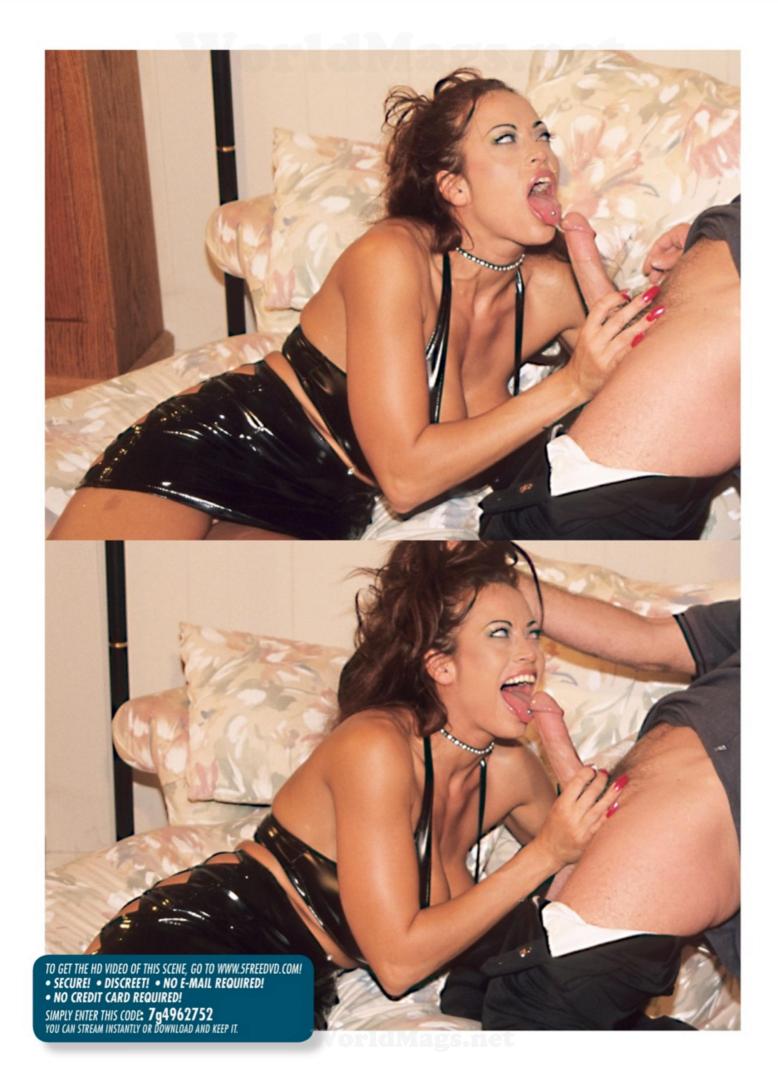
Removing myself from his cock, I gave this guy whose name I realised I didn't actually know a quick peck on the cheek, and following by a quick clean-up, we opened the stall's door and walked out of the restroom. The night was still young and I decided that I would try and bring him back again later in a few hours time for a repeat performance.

If you have something interesting to share, then go write ahead. Send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170 W. Tropicana Ave. #156-168, Las Vegas, NV 89147. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing. Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them - or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.



I'm not your typical fifty year-old. Just look at me. I still like to pretend I'm not married. When I'm at a club or some other social event, I won't wear my wedding ring and flirt with guys.

That way I feel free and unattached and a different side of me comes out. I'm not the suburban housewife anymore. I'm the ravishing brunette that's gonna eat you up.



















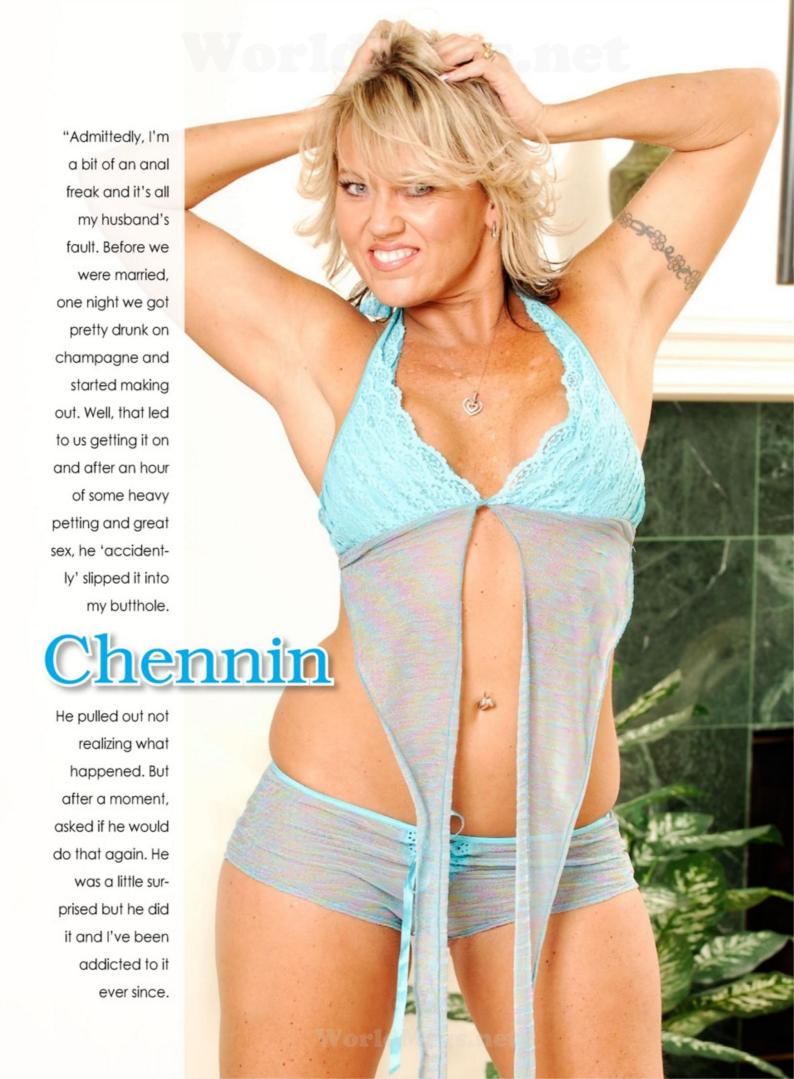














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## good judgement comes from experience

# the best kind of r&r

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT EXPERIENCE COMES FROM BAD JUDGEMENT.

I've been in the military for more than thirty years. I enlisted at eighteen and rose up from the ranks from private. I've traveled the world setting up military installations and revamping older ones. I've never married because the military is my mistress and it's been difficult to maintain any type of relationship. The last two years I've been stationed near NATO's Saint-Nazaire-Montoir base near

Nantes, France. My mission was to analyze the feasibility of updating the infrastructure to a more modern air base.

Two weeks ago I submitted my recommendations in a 168 page document to the NATO attaché in Paris. The report de-

livered, I took a week off in the south of France and headed home to Virginia. After a few days back, I missed the military atmosphere and headed down to Hampton Roads and to one of my favorite clubs near the Bay. I was looking to find a woman for a night of fun and drinking – and yes, sex. Sex is all that I had thought about since returning from France. I had done exceptionally well for myself

in that country. But here I checked into a hotel all I wanted was some personal time away from everyone including my closest friends.

In my typical military fashion, I spent most of that afternoon grooming myself for the nights activities. I shaved, took a long hot shower, shaved my chest, and trimmed my armpits. And I trimmed

> down my pubic hair. I went all out for the anticipation of the night to come. I finally finished getting myself cleaned up and drinkstarted ing and headed to the bar. I amazed was at what I saw welcome home banners all over the place and women like you



wouldn't believe waiting to get their hands on sailors who had money and were willing to spend it.

I settled in with a couple beers and spent the most of the night shooting pool and drinking alone until a waitress came up to me and asked why I wasn't mingling with anyone. I told her I just got back to the states and needed some time for myself. I

# Meet the Newest 2009 Sluts on the Block.











Last call rings out and now's my chance to ask her for her phone number. She replied that she has a boyfriend. I manage to get out of my mouth that I was only asking to talk with her on the phone.

laughed weakly and she smiled back, cleaned up a few empties around the pool table and went back to her station. A couple more times she came over to bring me drinks and as the night wore on and the crowd thinned out we spent some more time talking. I tried my best to not push about taking her home.

Last call rings out and now's my chance to ask her for her phone number. She replied that she has a boyfriend. I manage to get out of my mouth that I was only asking to talk with her on the phone. She agreed and wrote it on a bar napkin. A long week goes by and I finally call her. For the next couple weeks we talked almost every day on the phone, just making small talk about the bar, sailors and life. Then one night she calls me and asks me to go out for some drinks I agree. 'See you in twenty.'

We went to a local place she loves and we played pool and threw darts. The night was coming to an end she asked If I wanted to go back to her place for the night for a few drinks before called

quits. I was so eager to go but acted aloof, ignoring the fact she was wanting to. I relented. We got in her car and drove over to her place.

It was a modest apartment complex and she parked in her spot in the carport. Up a few stairs and through the front door, she invited me to it on the sofa and went to the kitchen to get a beer. She returned and clicked on the TV and found a classic movie channel. We talk some more and get to know each other a little better. After a few minutes

we both stretch out on the couch and cuddled up. She said her back has been sore from work for a few days, so I offer to rub her back. I pull her shirt up to her bra-line and gently reach under to unstrap her bra. I reassure her that it's so I can rub her back and she says it's okay, go ahead. I start to rub her back running my hand up an down her back feeling her silky skin. I was rubbing up and down but on the way down going lower and lower until I was right at the base of her back, right above her gorgeous ass.

She squirmed under me and I backed off as she rolled over. I ran my fingertips down her sides and across her tummy. I can see she is enjoying it but I continue not to push the issue or take her to a point where she will shy away. I gently tugged on her shirt and said you can keep your bra on an so

she leans back up and lays her head in my lap. I urged for her to come forward and she climbed up me slowly and lets her bra drop to the floor.

In my mind I remember she has a man. I

shouldn't do this. I thought about it more and decided that if he was doing his job, I wouldn't have to. She pulls me down to the floor on top of her, breaking all thoughts of right and wrong. I kissed from her neck all the way down her stomach to her pants. I slowly unbuttoned her pants and gently pulled each leg off. She giggled and all I could do was smile at the sight of this angel in front of me. I slowly licked and kissed up her legs to her thighs and bit on the inside of her legs and stopped to kiss her through her panties, which were quite



I could hold back for just a minute more to enjoy the moment. Then she squeezed the base of my cock hard, let go, stroked me a couple more times and I exploded into her mouth.

damp. I bite down gently through her panties and made a vibrating-humming sound and watched her squirm.

I managed to pull her panties off and then buried my face between her legs. I gently kissed her clit and licked her lips and slid my tongue in and out

of her pussy as I fingered her. As I got up on my knees above her, I started pulling my shirt off and while I was doing that I felt my pants being unbuttoned and I could feel her mouth through my boxers on my dick. I've been told that ľm pretty well endowed. I could



see my size pleased her. I stood up and dropped my pants and boxers at the same time. I extended a hand down to her and helped her to her knees and I stood atop of her while she spent some time pleasing me. Her mouth kissing and licking my cock and throating it. She sucked my balls and played with my cock for what seemed like hours.

I momentarily stopped her and laid down on my back. She immediately crawled over me and we began to sixty-nine. After about ten minutes, she raised up an started to rock back and forth on my face. I had found her sweet-spot. I placed my hands on her amazing ass and then she came. I could feel her juices running down my face. I crawled over top of her and she locked her legs around my waist and I eased myself down into her. I started slowly inching my way into her pussy. I had her lay beside me in a sideways doggystyle.

We spent the next hour in that position with her back up against me. The smell of this woman's skin and perfume was the most amazing smell I have ever experienced. I had her back against my chest and my hands around her cupping her very perfect breasts. I felt her begin to rock back and forth once I had gotten her used to me and finally

I could hear her moan as I timed my thrusts. placed on hand on her hip and began to squeeze and could feel her hand come down on mine an dig her nails in. I felt her cum again and by this point I was close to my breaking point.

I eased out and

rolled onto my back. She knew I was about to cum. She gently leaned down and took my twitching cock back into her mouth. With her hands pumping up and down the shaft and her tongue working the head, I was doing all I could hold back for just a minute more to enjoy the moment. Then she squeezed the base of my cock hard, let go, stroked me a couple more times and I exploded into her mouth. There was so much that after her mouth filled, she took my cock out and I kept squirting all over the place. She licked and sucked me dry and we spent the rest of the night on the floor sleeping together with a blanket she had pulled off the couch. The next morning came quickly and I had to go. I kissed her still asleep on the floor, gathered my clothes, got dressed and headed out the door. That night I went to see her at the bar. I tried to let her work but it was obvious my eyes were only on her.

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Jules has always been a rabble-rouser. In college she instigated a jock-strap raid to the boys locker room. Then she orchestrated an all-girl nighttime beach party where naked mer-men came out of the water and danced for the girls.

Jules

she had a noundies week where she made her husband go commando. Now she's gonna make you watch her video as she gets her pussy pumped.

























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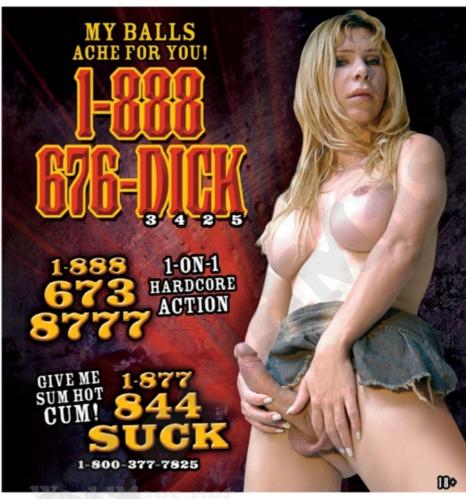












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